

So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very King. I have two Boyes
Seeke Percy and thy selfe about the Field:
But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee: so defend thy selfe.

Dom. I feare thou art another counterfeit:
And yet in faith thou bearest thee like a King:
But mine I am sure thou art, whoere thou be,
And thus I win thee. *They fight, the King being in danger.*

Enter Prince.
Prim. Hold vp they head vile Scot, or thou art like
Neuer to hold it vp againe: the Spirits
Of valiant Sherly, Stafford, Blunt, are in my Armes;
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who neuer promiseth, but he meanes to pay.

They fight, Douglas flieth.
Cheerely My Lord: how fare's your Grace?
Sir Nicholas Gaussey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton: He to Clifton straight.

King. Stay, and breath awhile.
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And shew'd thou mak'st some tender of my life
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to mee.

Prim. O heauen, they did me too much injury,
That euer said I hearkned to your death.
If it were so, I might haue let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas ouer you,
Which would haue bene as speedy in your end,
As all the poysonous Potions in the world,
And sauid the Treacherous labour of your Sonne.

K. Make vp to Clifton, He to Sir Nicholas Gaussey. *Exit*
Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.
Prim. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

Prim. Why then I see a very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphere,
Nor can one England brooke a double reigne,
Of Harry Percy, and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it Harry, for the houre is come
To end the one of vs; and would to heauen,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.

Prim. He make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all the budding Honors on thy Crest,
He crop to make a Garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brooke thy Vanities. *Fight.*
Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said Hal, to it Hal. Nay you shall finde no
Boyes play here, I can tell you.

Enter Douglas, he fights with Falstaff, who falls downe
as if he were dead. The Prince killeth Percy.

Hot. Oh Harry, thou hast rob'd me of my youth: so
I better brooke the losse of brittle life,
Then those proud Tides thou hast wonne of me,
They wound my thoughts worse, then the sword my flesh:
But thought's the slave of Life, and Life, Times foole
And Time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must haue a stop. O, I could prophesie,
But that the Earth, and the cold hand of death,
Lies on my Tongue: No Percy, thou art dust,
And food for —

Prim. For Wormes, braue Percy. Farewell great heart:
Ill-would Ambition, how much art thou shranked
When that this bodie did containe a spirit.

A Kingdome for it was too small a bound:
But now two paces of the vilest Earth
Is roome enough. This Earth that beares the dead,
Beares not alie so stout a Gentleman,
If thou wert sensible of curtesie,

I should not make so great a shew of Zeale,
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face;
And euen in thy behalfe, He thanke my selfe
For doing these fayre Rites of Tenderesse.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heauen,
Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the graue,
But not remembered in thy Epitaph.

What? Old Acquaintance? Could not all this flesh
Keepe in a little life? Poore Iacke, farewell:
I could haue better spar'd a better man.
O, I should haue a heauy misse of thee,
If I were much in loue with Vanity.

Death hath not stricke so fat a Deere to day,
Though many dearer in this bloody Fray:
Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by,
Till then, in blood, by Noble Percy lye.

Falstaff riseth vp.
Falst. Imbowell'd? If thou imbowell mee to day, He
giue you leaue to powder me, and eat me too to morrow.
Twas time to counterfet, or that hotte Termagant Scot,
had paid me Scot and lot too, Counterfeit? I am no coun-
terfeit; to dye, is to be a counterfeit, for hee is but the
counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: But
to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liueth, is to be
no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life in-
deede. The better part of Valour, is Discretion: in the
which better part, I haue saved my life. I am affraide of
this Gun-powder Percy though he be dead. How if hee
should counterfeit too, and rise? I am affraide hee would
proue the better counterfeit: therefore He make him sure-
yea, and He sweare I kill'd him. Why may not hee rise as
well as I: Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no-bodie
sees me. Therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh,
come you along me. *Takes Hotspur on his backe.*

Enter Prince and John of Lancaster.
Prim. Come Brother John, full branely hast thou sleight
thy Maiden sword.

John. But soft, who haue we heere?
Did you not tell me this Fat man was dead?
Prim. I did, I saw him dead,
Breathlesse, and bleeding on the ground: Art thou alie?
Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eye-sight?
I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes
Without our eares. Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certaine: I am not a double man: but
if I be not Iacke Falstaffe, then am I a Iacke: There is Percy,
if your Father will do me any Honor, so: if not, let him
kill the next Percy himselfe. I looke to be either Earle or
Duke, I can assure you.

Prim. Why, Percy I kill'd my selfe, and saw thee dead.
Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen
to Lying? I graunt you I was downe, and out of Breath,
and so was he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought
along houre by Shrewsburie clocke. If I may bee be-
lieued, so: if not, let them that should reward Valour, beare
the sinne vpon their owne heads. He take't on my death
I gaue him this wound in the Thigh: if the man were a-
lie, and would deny it, I would make him eate a peece
of my sword.

John. This is the strangest Tale that e're I heard.
Prim. This is the strangest Fellow, Brother John.

John. Come

Come bring your luggage Nobly on your backe:
For my part, if a lye may do thee grace,
He gi'd it with the happiest tearmes I haue.

A Retreat is sounded.
The Trumpets sound Retreat, the day is ours:
Come Brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what Friends are liuing, who are dead. *Exeunt*

Fal. He follow as they say, for Reward. Hee that re-
wards me, heauen reward him. If I do grow great again,
He grow lesse? For He purge, and leaue Sacke, and liue
cleanly, as a Nobleman should do. *Exit*

Scena Quarta.

The Trumpets sound.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
Earle of Westmerland, with Worcester &
Vernon Prisoners.

King. Thus euer did Rebellion finde Rebuke.
Ill-spirited Worcester, did we not send Grace,
Pardon, and tearmes of Loue to all of you?
And would'st thou turne our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy Kinsmans trust?
Three Knights vpon our party slaine to day,
A Noble Earle, and many a creature else,
Had bene alieue this houre,
If like a Christian thou had'st truly borne
Berwixt our Armies, true Intelligence.

Wor. What I haue done, my safety vrg'd me to,

And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be auoyded, it falls on mee.
King. Beare Worcester to death, and Vernon too:
Other Offenders we will pause vpon.

Exit Worcester and Vernon.
How goes the Field?

Prim. The Noble Scot Lord Douglas, when hee saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The Noble Percy slaine, and all his men,
Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill, he was so bruiz'd
That the pursuers tooke him. At my Tent
The Douglas is, and I beseech your Grace,
I may dispose of him.

King. With all my heart.
Prim. Then Brother John of Lancaster,

To you this honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliuer him
Vp to his pleasure, ransomlesse and free:
His Valour shewne vpon our Crests to day,
Hath taught vs how to cherish such high deeds,
Euen in the bosome of our Aduersaries.

King. Then this remains: that we diuide our Power.
You Sonne John, and my Cousin Westmerland
Towards Yorke shall bend you, with your deereft speed
To meet Northumberland, and the Prelate Scroope,
Who (as we heare) are busily in Armes.
My Selfe, and you Sonne Harry will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower, and the Earle of March.
Rebellion in this Land shall lose his way,
Meeting the Checke of such another day:
And since this Businesse so faire is done,
Let vs not leaue till all our owne be wonne. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

